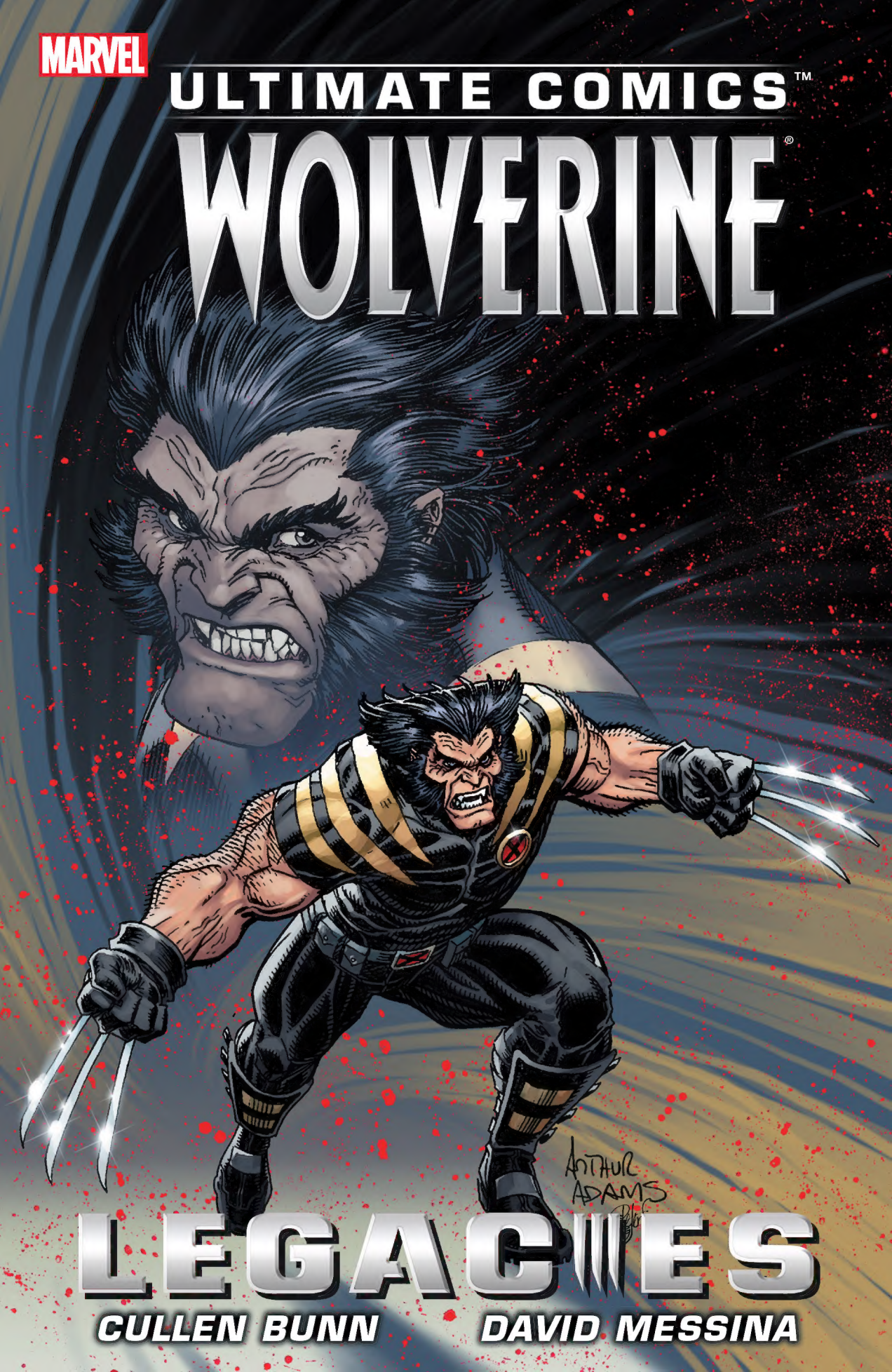
MARVEL

ULTIMATE COMICS™

WOLVERINE®



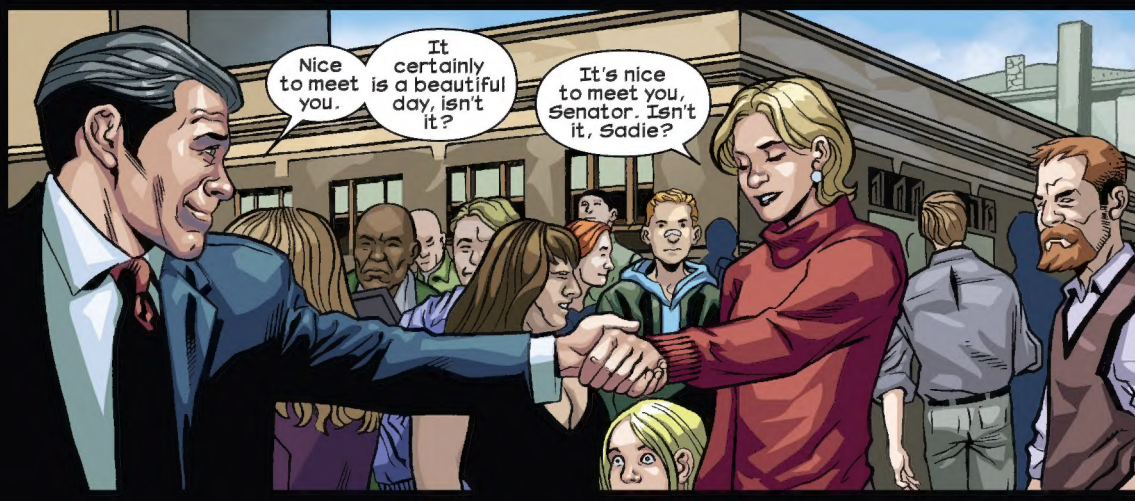
LEGACIES

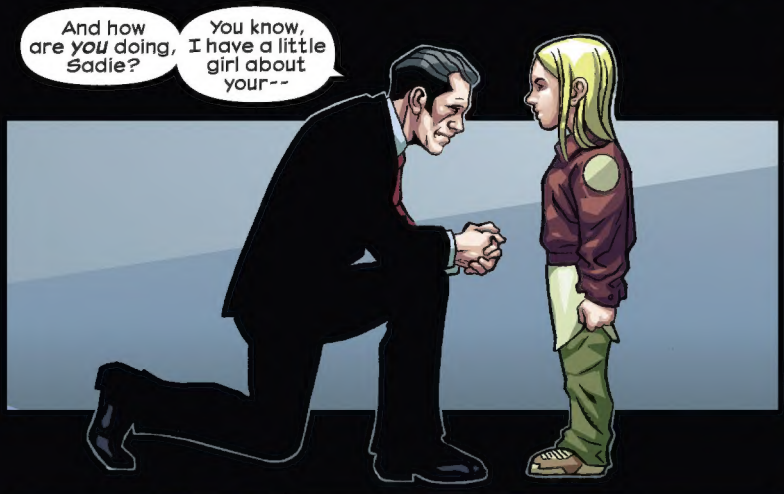
CULLEN BUNN DAVID MESSINA

TWELVE POINTS, MISSOURI.
YEARS AGO.
All right, people. Look alive.
Secondary subject is on the move.
REESE.
That's Gregory Lee?
This guy's turning our tax dollars into tact nukes in the war on drugs?
He looked a lot taller on Arsenio.
NORRIS.
Guy's packing so much security, you'd think he'd already secured his party's nomination.
Just a matter of time from what I understand.
What about our primary? Anyone have a visual?
ARMSTRONG.
Might help if we knew what we're looking for exactly.
Any specifics you care to share?
Your guess is as good as mine...

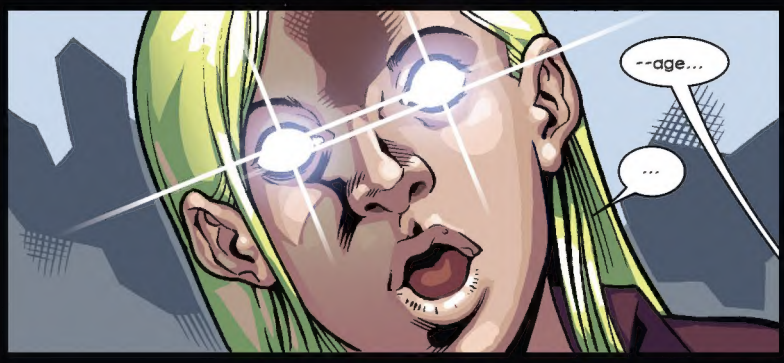
LOGAN, a.k.a. WOLVERINE.
God bless sketchy intel.
Eyes open, though--all of you.
If anything we've heard about Mothervine is true...
...this is a know-it-when-we-see-it scenario...
...and it'll steamroll right out of left field.

You have my vote, Senator!
How are you?
Good to see you.
Glad you could make it out.
Do you really think the Anders Bill will get drugs off the streets?
Are you worried about the death threats at all?


Nice to meet you.
It certainly is a beautiful day, isn't it?
It's nice to meet you, Senator. Isn't it, Sadie?


And how are *you* doing, Sadie?
You know, I have a little girl about your--

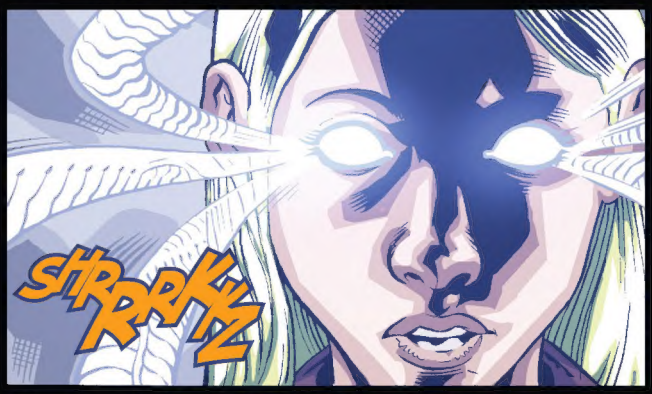
Oh...
...my...

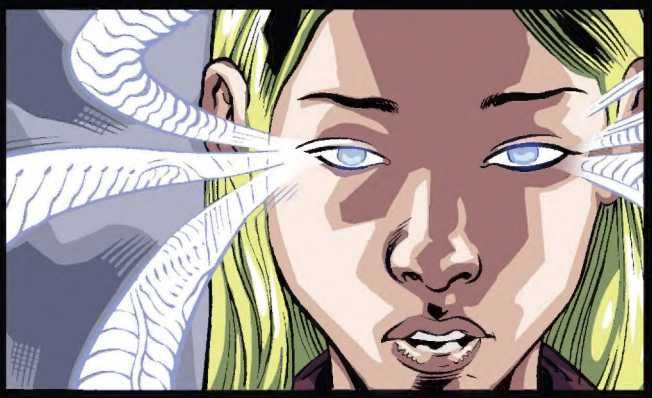

--age...
...

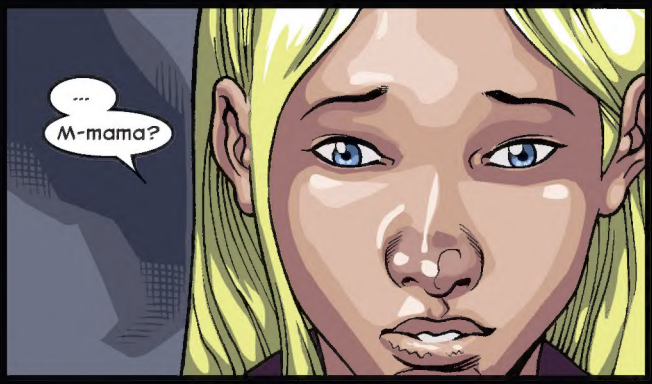
WHAP
Ahhhhh!
No @$%£#$ way!
S-Sadie?!
Aileeee!
WHAP
SHRRRKKZZZZKZZZZKRAK!
SHRRRKKZZZZKZZZZKRAK!
Primary asset is confirmed!
It's a little girl!
She's demonstrating some sort of solid light manipulation!
She's going for the senator!
This is worse than we thought!
The asset's a kid!
Somebody make the call!
Somebody say the word and I can take her down with minimal collateral damage.
God help me.

Hold your fire, Reese!
SNIKT!
SNIKT!
Even if you get a clean shot, you *hold* your *fire!*
I'll handle this!
That girl is not to be hurt!
That ain't the op! That ain't who we are!
Nobody touches that girl! Do you hear me?
Loud and clear, boss...
...but Lee's security detail has *other* ideas!
KLICK
KLICK
Hkkk-- hkkk-- hkkk

RHHHPKKP!
AGGGGH!
SHRRRKZZZKZZZRRRRK!


SHRRRKZ




...
M-mama?

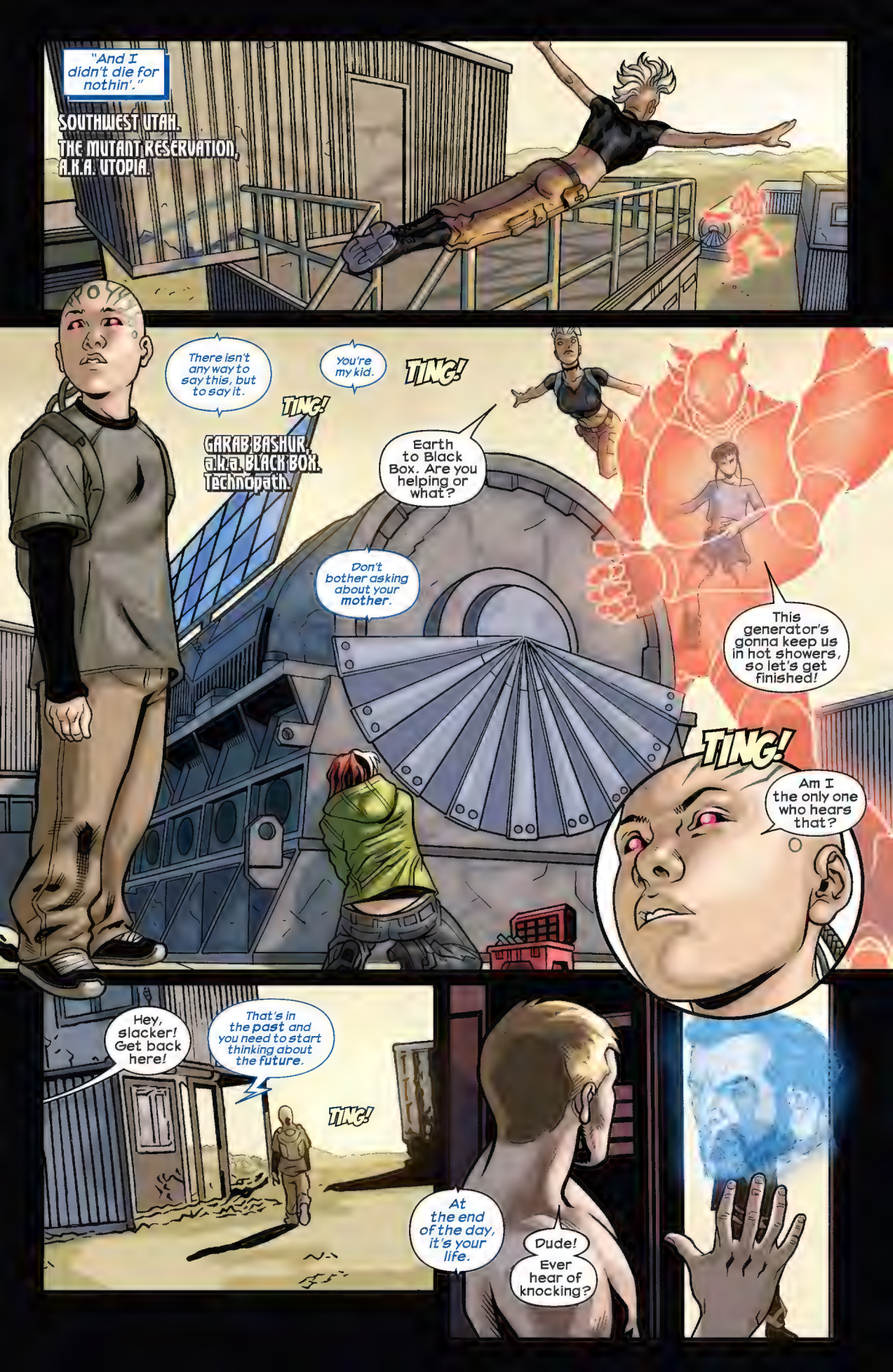
What just happened here? What just--
Take her out!
SADIE!

SLLLIKKKKKKK!
RAAGGHHH!
Rnnf!
KRRRNCH!
Oh...my baby...my baby...
Th-thank you!
Thank you for saving her!
Don't thank me.
Say *goodbye* to your little girl, because this is the *last* time you'll see her.
She's coming with us.
You all right, boss?
Norris-- secure the girl.
Get her out of here and prepared for quarantine.
Reese-- keep us in your sights. Keep us covered.
The *trigger-man* can't be far...

"...and I wanna *talk* to him."
Hnnff hnnff
Out of breath, Professor?
You really should leave the field work to someone who hits the gym every now and then.
But my guess is you just had to see the fruits of your labor firsthand.
What?
You!
Get out of my way! Leave me alone!
I'm not going to tell you *anything*.
And I haven't asked any *questions*, have I?
I already know everything worth knowing about *Mothervine*.
H-How...
How did you find me?
Magic.
SNAP
BANG

That's him?
That's the trigger-guy?
Safe bet.
Only...it looks like someone beat us to the punch.
And they didn't want us asking him any questions.
Snnff snnff
What is it?
Can't be...
Pack it in. Everybody back to control.
We've got another player on the field.
We need to plan our next move. We need to--

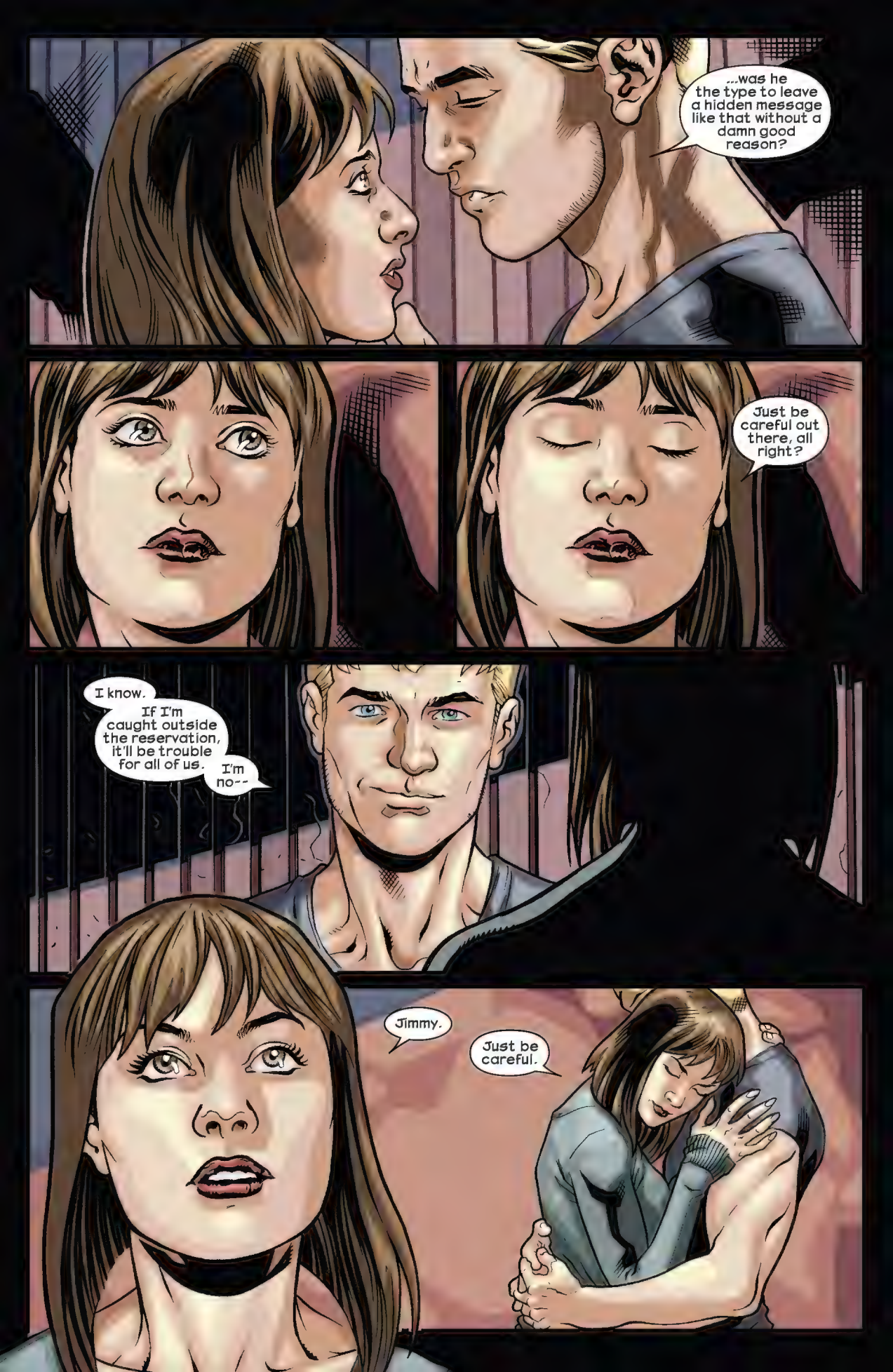
--Start thinking about the future.
TODAY.
But listen to your folks.
The Hudsons raised you and you gotta respect them.
JIMMY HUDSON. SON OF WOLVERINE.
At the end of the day, it's your life.
You gotta live with your choices, like I hadda live with mine.
For what it's worth...
...I never regretted havin' you for a second.
Again.
Jimmy.
If you're seeing this then Kitty did what I asked her to...
I hope that means that the world didn't go to hell.


"And I didn't die for nothin'."
SOUTHWEST UTAH.
THE MUTANT RESERVATION, A.K.A. UTOPIA.
There isn't any way to say this, but to say it.
You're my kid.
TING!
TING!
GARAB BASHUR, a.k.a. BLACK BOX. Technopath.
Earth to Black Box. Are you helping or what?
Don't bother asking about your mother.
This generator's gonna keep us in hot showers, so let's get finished!
TING!
Am I the only one who hears that?
Hey, slacker! Get back here!
That's in the past and you need to start thinking about the future.
TING!
At the end of the day, it's your life.
Dude! Ever hear of knocking?

Jimmy... sorry...
But what are you doing?
For what it's worth...
TING!
...I never regretted havin' you for a second.
Nothing.
Just talking to my father.
Wait.
Don't turn it off.
Not yet.
Why?
Are you suddenly interested in my daddy issues?
Not really.
But you don't hear that?
It's loud as thunder.
A signal behind the words...
TING!
Mother is...

...A hidden message.
Whoa.
"Mother is calling her children home..."
Black Box...what is this?
Whatever it is, it's *always* been there... hidden in the code.
Something... some sort of *prompt*...flipped the "on" switch.
What kind of prompt?
What does any of this mean?
I don't know...but if you want to find out--

"--I can help you."
I'm...I'm not asking for your blessing.
But you know that, don't you?
What am I *supposed* to say?
KITTY PRYDE.
I *know* my dad. *James Hudson*.
But I never knew my father...my *biological* father, I mean.
You did, though.
So tell me...


...was he the type to leave a hidden message like that without a damn good reason?
Just be careful out there, all right?
I know.
If I'm caught outside the reservation, it'll be trouble for all of us.
I'm no--
Jimmy.
Just be careful.

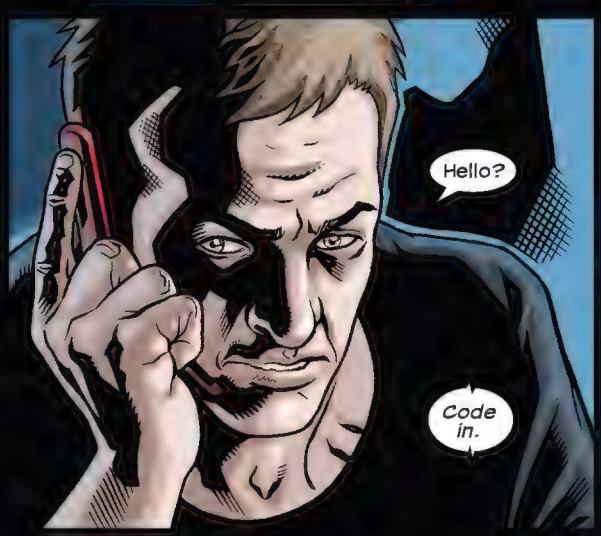
Okay...
I get how you talked your way off the res.
But how'd you convince Kitty to let me come along?
You didn't tell her?
Sometimes it's easier to apologize than it is to get permission.
Just don't get *lost*, all right?
Now come on...

"...I need you to help me track that signal."
BREEEP! BREEEP!
BREEEP! BREEEP!
BREEEP! BREEEP!
BREEEP! BREEEP!
Hmh?
BREEEP! BREEEP!

BREEEP! BREEEP!

BREEEP! BREEEP!

BREEEP! BREEEP!
Oh.


Hello?
Code in.

1-3-David-6-Zulu-4-O-5-David-David-Alpha.

Mothervine is compromised.

Burn it down.
Everything?
Yes.
Raw materials, too.
We've known this day was coming.
TIK-TIK-T-TIK-CHIK-TIK-TIK
Once you've finished, you're clear to evac.
Shut everything down. Leave no--
Hgggk... Hkk...
Hello?
TIK-TIK-T-TIK-CHIK-TIK-TIK
Hello?
Are you there?
How much time do I--
VRRRRRRSSSSSSHHH
Who's ther-- gkkh--
hkk-- hkk--
I'm afraid you're out of time altogether.

TO BE CONTINUED...

MARVEL

ISSUE 2

LEGACIES

BUNN • MESSINA • ERSKINE • TARTAGLIA

ULTIMATE COMICS™

WOLVERINE

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GRANT PARK, CONNECTICUT.
YEARS AGO.
Renee?
Grant Park Fertility Clinic
BEEP BEEP BEEP
00 : 03 : 33
We're ready for you.
BEEP BEEP BEEP
"Right this way."
We're going to gather a few vitals, and then the doctor will be right with you.
Okay.

Sounds great.
We'll be here in Room 2.
RRRAAAGGGH!
BRAKA! BRAKA! BRAKA! BRAKA!
LOGAN. A.K.A. WOLVERINE.

So much for going in quiet!
This may be our last chance to find out how deep *Mothervine* runs!
BRAKA! BRAKA!
BRAKA! BRAKKA-BRAKKA!
BRAKA!
BRAKA! BRAKA! BRAKA! BRAKA!
Armstrong! Reese!
Secure those computers before they dump the data!
Norris! Give them whatever cover you can!
BRAKA! BRAKA!
S.H.I.E.L.D. wants to know exactly what these freaks are cooking up!
And we're bringing the recipe home!

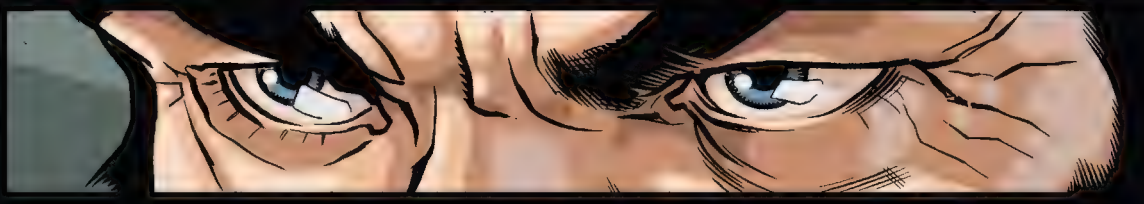
Hurry up!
Find what we came here for!
Find *something!*
SLLLSH!
Shut it down!
Complete system burn!
Purge every--
THWUD!
Ooof!
You know the drill, boys. Sit on your hands until I say otherwise.
I'm looking for *one volunteer* to help me copy a few vital *Project: Mothervine* files.
And by "*volunteer*" I mean "*person who wants to live to see tomorrow.*"
ARMSTRONG.

Good news, Reese!
We've got a cooperative little fish on the line!
TAKKITY-TIK-TIK-TAK-TAKKITY

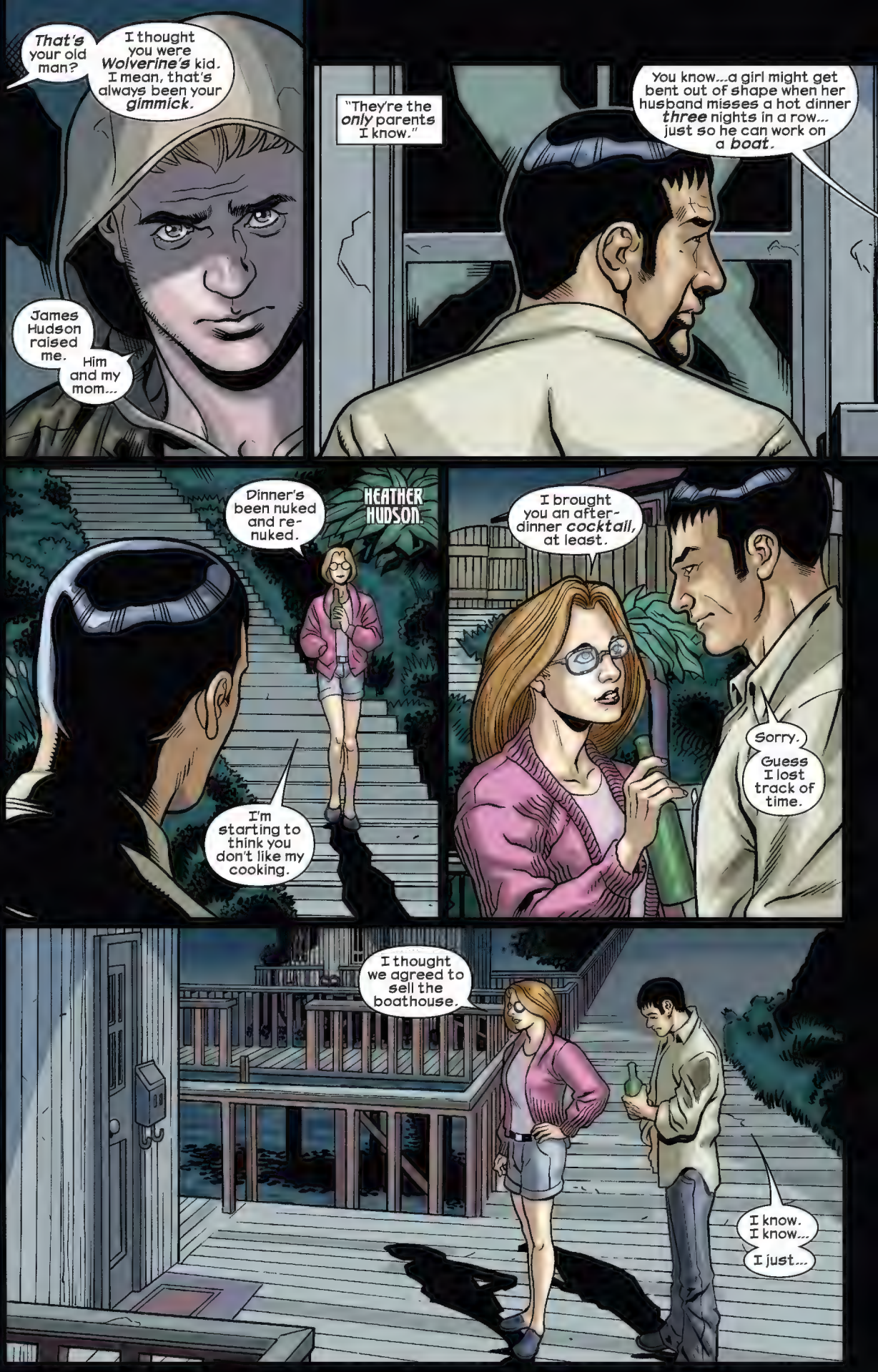
Tell him to hurry it up.
We're bugging out in--
Whu...
SNF-SNF

Something's not right.
Someone *else* is here... but...
I didn't expect to run into *you*, either.

Last I heard, you were *dead*, same as me.
But here we are.
Hopefully our agendas are *complementary* to one another.
Otherwise, this *reunion* might be a little *uncomfortable*.
You?



PORT ST. LUCIE, FLORIDA.
NOW.
Jimmy... please...tell me we didn't just leave Reservation X...
...that we didn't just commit a crime that could get us fitted with body bags... for this.
Relax.
It's not like we went that far out of the way.
The data stored on this device lists dozens of locales.
Something tells me you picked one in Florida so you could take this little side trip.
Yeah.
That just about sums it up.
BLACK BOX. TECHNOPATH.
JIMMY HUDSON. SON OF WOLVERINE.
We travel thousands of miles...sneak on to smelly buses...dodge cops...All so you could catch a glimpse of your parents?
I kind of hate you right now.
I need to do this.
Everything's changing for me. Everything's getting turned upside down. I can feel it.
Wolverine's message... whatever it means...I just...
I need to see them.
"One last time."
JAMES HUDSON.


That's your old man?
I thought you were Wolverine's kid. I mean, that's always been your gimmick.
James Hudson raised me.
Him and my mom...
"They're the only parents I know."
You know...a girl might get bent out of shape when her husband misses a hot dinner three nights in a row... just so he can work on a boat.
Dinner's been nuked and re-nuked.
HEATHER HUDSON.
I'm starting to think you don't like my cooking.
I brought you an after-dinner cocktail, at least.
Sorry.
Guess I lost track of time.
I thought we agreed to sell the boathouse.
I know. I know...
I just...

You *don't* have to explain.
The boathouse... and the old junker inside...that was your thing...with *Jimmy*.
But you and I both know he's not coming back.
He *can't*.
Right.
Hell. Even if... everything that happened *hadn't* happened...he'd be *gone* now.
Attending college...getting a job...maybe getting married too young.
Yeah. *That*.
I'll take *any* of those options over what we've got right now.
With everything that's happening with the mutants...I just want to know he's all right.
That's what parents do, right? Worry?
We raised a good kid, Heather. We taught him the difference between right and wrong.
At least we can trust in that. We just gotta trust that wherever he is, he's okay.
Come on.
Let's get inside.
I think I can nuke dinner one more time before it turns into a rock.
Why don't you say *hello?*
Can't.
You know there's a standing order to turn mutants over to the authorities. And my dad's a *cop*.
He'd *never* turn us over. He's my dad.
But I'm not about to put him through that.
I've put them through *enough* already.

MIAMI, FLORIDA.
Miami County Fertility Clinic
What if we don't find anything?
What if this is all just some weird prank Wolverine left behind?
If you really believed that, you wouldn't have followed me.
"What d'ya know..."
...we've been monitoring this place for days without a peep, but it looks like tonight's the night.
We've got movement.
I see them.
Might just be vandals.
Maybe some homeless dudes looking for shelter.
Give the word, and I'll put them in the dirt.
It'll be easier than fish in a barrel.
Hold up.
Let's find out what--if anything--they know before we waste them.
Contract calls for us to clean up the mess these H.E.L.L. jokers left behind all those years ago.
If there're any loose ends, I'd like to tie them into a nice little bow.
KYLE GIBNEY.
CODE NAME: WILDCHILD.

"Besides...there's no harm in getting up close and personal."
So what do we know about this place?
Beyond an address?
Very little.
Except that...you know... it's a *creepy* doctor's office.
Very creepy.
If you want to find the good stuff, look for the heavily protected doorway.
Don't think my claws will do the trick here.
You think you can--
Give me some credit.
This tech was ancient before you were born.
Give me something harder next time.
BZZ-BREE

So... whatever this place was...this doctor's office...
...It was a front for whatever the hell went on down-stairs.
All those addresses we found on Wolverine's holographic message...
...You think they were other fertility clinics?
Like this one?
Just like this?
Because this place is kind of a *tomb.*
Whoever bugged out of here left a lot of equipment behind.
Maybe they planned on opening for business again.
This tech belongs in a *museum.*
Just the same...can you make it *work?*
Can you tell me *why* my father was storing all this data?
Yeah.
It's kind of like talking to a doddering old grandpa at a nursing home.
But yeah.

Some sort of signal unlocked the hidden data in your dad's...in *Wolverine's* little puzzle box.
Whatever that signal was, it was designed to act like a virus...erase all the Mothervine data before it fell into undesirable hands.
This old equipment was spared from infection, but anything on the network was scrambled.
Except for your device.
It's like it was *programmed* to be on the look-out for a kill command... and when it caught wind of one, it let you in on all its dirty little secrets...
...which was really just enough to lead us here.
Human Engineering Life Laboratories.
That must have been the organization that pulled the strings.
Looks like they were into some weird stuff...biological warfare...gene tampering...embryo enhancement.
They were... breeding mutants... programming abilities to activate... *aggressively*... on command.
Oh.
They were trying to *weaponize* mutation.
What?
What are you saying?
They called the program *Project: Mothervine.*
And for whatever reason, Wolverine wanted *you* to know about it.
Not bad for a couple of *amateur* detectives.
The *Hardy Boys* would be proud.

Of course, I can tell which of you is the *brains*...
...and which of you is the *dumb muscle*.
We're under orders to wax anyone who sticks their nose where it doesn't belong.
My guess, though, is that you two schlubs *can't* be working alone.
So...we're gonna take the "*brains*" with us... see what he knows.
And you... "*muscles*"...
Go ahead and say what you're dying to say.
"*Over my dead body,*" right?
No.
Over yours.
SNIKT!
Claws...
Nice.
And by "*nice,*" I mean "*me too.*"
SHRAKT!

SHRRRAAAK!
I didn't come here to fight you.
I don't want to hurt anyone.
Heh.

Hold on, Jimmy.
One diversion, coming up!
No you don't, mutie!
CHUNK!
Unff!
Hnnnh
Jimmy.
Jimmy.
Jimmy.
Jimmy.

Jimmy.
Jimmy.
What the hell?
Is that...
...the Wolverine?
Jimmy.
Heads up!
WRRACKK
Hwwaaa--
So... what...you some kind of Wolverine Jr.?
GGLLUKK!
Utt--
Got news for you, kid.
I've been studying Wolverine for years.
He was the best there was.
Hkkk... hkk...
And you ain't even close.

What do you say? You got yourself one of those *healing factors* like Wolverine, too?
'Cuz I'd be happy to go again, if you want.
And don't worry.
Once we're done with your friend, we'll put him out of his misery quick.
Do you hear--
VRRRRRRSSSSSSH
Whu...
Skinned!
W-who?

What the--
SHRAKT!
You shouldn't be *wallowing* on the floor.
QUICKSILVER.
Here. Let me help you--
--brother.

YEARS AGO.
...You!
Last time I checked.
I'll admit, you're a sight for sore eyes.
It's good to see you again, Logan.
How...
What are you doing here?
SNIKT!

Magda.
MAGDA.
CODE NAME:
THE WITCH.
TO BE CONTINUED...

MARVEL

ISSUE 3

LEGACIES

BUNN • MESSINA • CARLUCCI • TARTAGLIA

ULTIMATE COMICS™

WOLVERINE®

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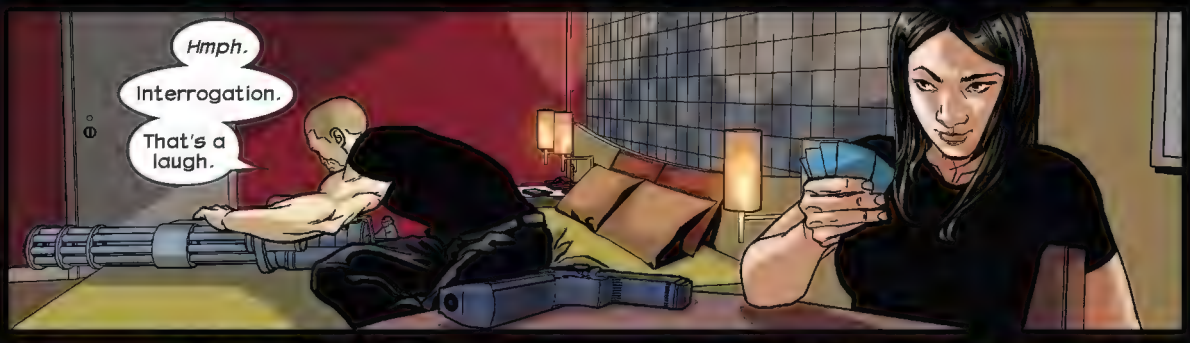
COLOR TV
VACANCY
AIR CONDITIONED
WELCOME
TWO HOURS OUTSIDE GRANT PARK, CONNECTICUT.
YEARS AGO.
So...

How do you think the *interrogation's* going?
ARMSTRONG.
NORRIS.
REESE.

You know what?
I'm off the clock, so I'm not sure I *care*.


Hmph.
Interrogation.
That's a laugh.

That sound like any interrogation you've *ever* heard before?

LOGAN.
MAGDA.
I missed you, too.

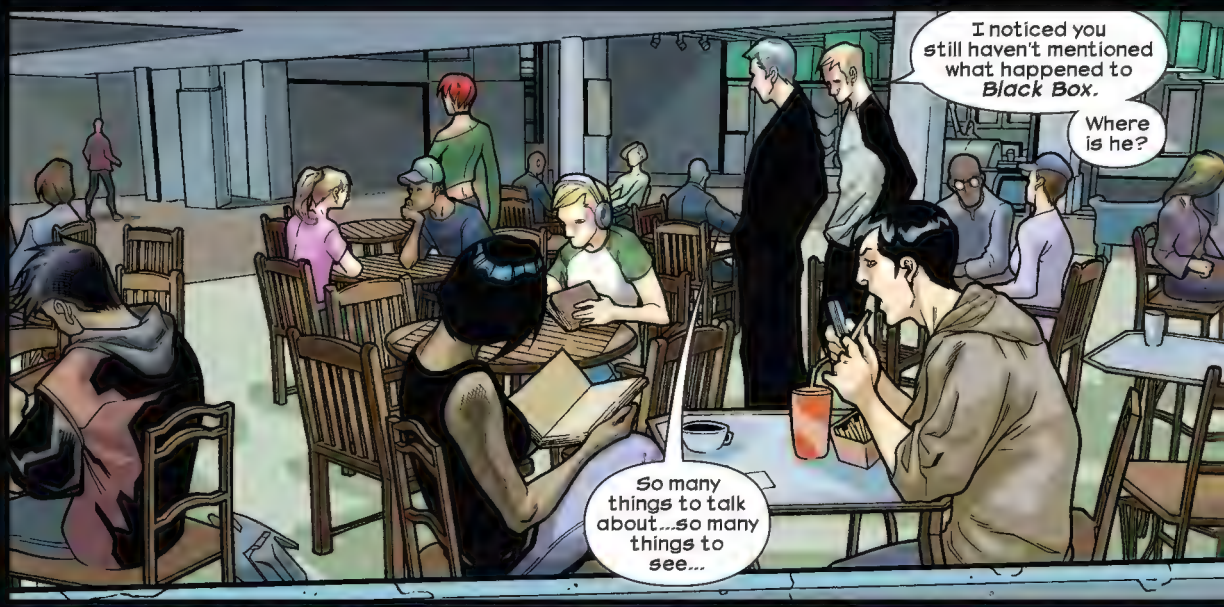
The years have been *kind* to you.
The last time I saw you, you were--
Being thrown through a wall by your *boyfriend, Magneto.*
I guess there were some details of your life that I didn't quite understand.
I don't remember us doing much talking.
But...you're right. There's *plenty* you didn't know about me.
Yeah...that you're an agent, for example.
And I guess Magneto figured you out...and that's why he ran off with your kids.
I'm strictly *freelance.*
Erik was just another mission.
Or at least he was.
Until things got... *complicated.*
And *Mothervine?*
What can I say? We seem to run in similar circles.
Our *employers* do, anyway.
I meant what I said, though.
Our goals are the same... more or less.

It's the "more or less" part that bothers me.
You worry too much. That hasn't changed, I see.
You work for the government. I work for a private institution.
Both of our employers wanted to pull the plug on Project: Mothervine... and I'd say we've done a pretty good job of that.
And this employer of yours...they didn't want anything else from you?
They didn't want Mothervine's secrets?
Even if they did, how would I smuggle them out of this room?
I seem to recall you doing a fair job of frisking me.
Tell you what, though.
If you feel like stopping me for another round of interrogation... go ahead.
But I wasn't called the "Witch of Wundagore" for nothing.
I earned that nickname.
And all witches protect their secrets.
Goodbye, Logan.

MIAMI, FLORIDA.
NOW.
"See...you don't know what it's like..."
Having a *brother.*
Being a brother.
Being part of a *family.*
JIMMY HUDSON.
QUICKSILVER.
I *have* a family.
Of course. The *human babysitters* Wolverine left you with.
I'm sure they were quite lovely.
But...in the end...they were little more than *hired help.*
But I know *family.*
When I first stumbled upon the idea that you and I were brothers, I was confused... *angry.*
I grew up believing my mother died when I was very young.
Don't say that.
You don't know them.
Instead, I learn she lived just long enough to give birth to *another* unwanted child.
But once the anger cooled, I realized something.

I'm not alone anymore.
And neither are you.
If you wanted a family reunion, you could have picked someplace a little less public.
If anyone recognizes us, we're--
Don't worry so much.
I've created a vibrational field that should sufficiently protect our privacy.
Security cameras will see only blurred images.
And anyone outside the field who looks at us for more than a second or two will earn themselves a migraine.
No one will see us...unless I want them to, that is.
You live on a reservation in the middle of nowhere with the rest of the quarantined mutants.
I'd think you've had your fill of seclusion.
Besides... I brought you here to show you something.

You brought me here to show me frozen yogurt?
Hey, Pietro!
You're right on time. My shift just ended.
Zoe.
So this is the friend you've been telling me so much about?
My brother.
He's cute.
Whatever we're doing, I hope I didn't need to dress up.
Anyway... come on.
The others are waiting.
Others?
What is this? Some sort of double-date?
Didn't I tell you I take care of my family?


I noticed you still haven't mentioned what happened to *Black Box*.
Where is he?
So many things to talk about...so many things to see...

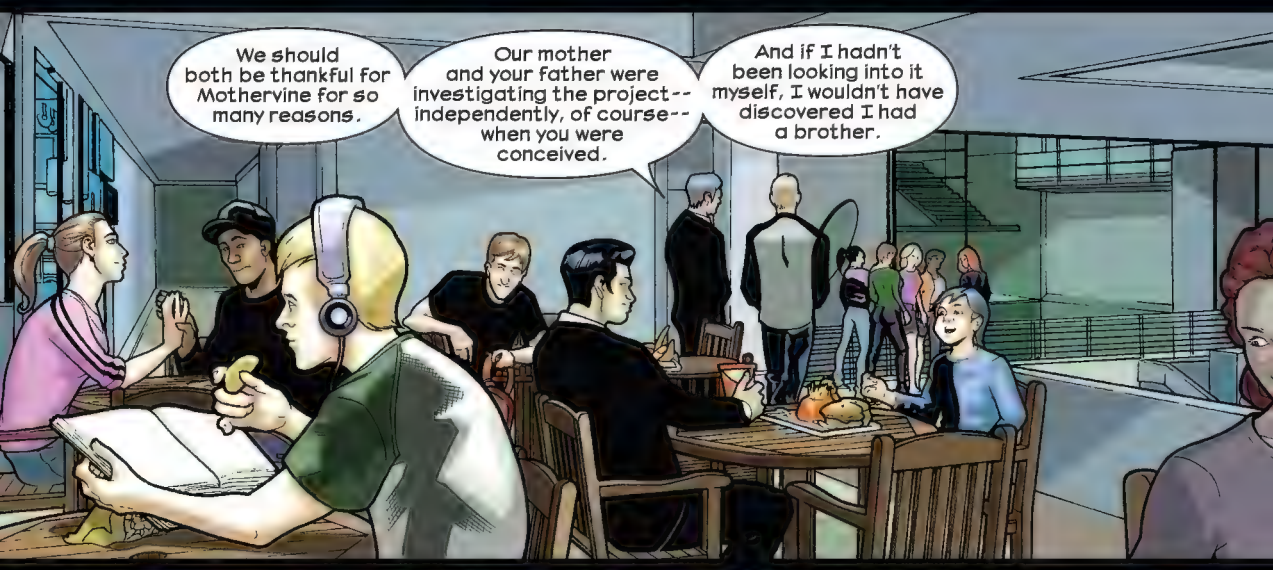
...and you're still worried about your friend.
It's *noble*, really.
He's fine, but this...today... isn't for him.

Enjoy the moment.
Come on, guys!

I guess Pietro never mentioned me, huh?
I mean... it's not like we've known each other for long.
Your brother moves kinda *fast*.

What about you?
Do you move *fast*?
Uh...

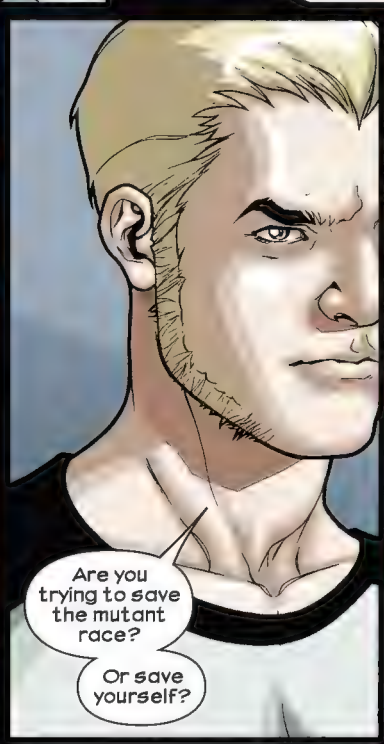
Oh, hey. There're my friends.
I'll be right back.
You think introducing me to girls is gonna win me over?
How old do you think I am, anyhow?
How old is she? Seventeen?
She's actually a little older than you.
And still working at the yogurt shop.
I didn't say there was anything wrong with--
Poor thing hasn't made anything of herself... not yet...not like you.
And there's more to be done.
I wish you could have known our sister. She was special.
She could change the world.
So can you... in a way.
What--
There are secrets to be unlocked.
And your blood, little brother, is the key.


We should both be thankful for Mothervine for so many reasons.
Our mother and your father were investigating the project--independently, of course--when you were conceived.
And if I hadn't been looking into it myself, I wouldn't have discovered I had a brother.

Why do you think your father encoded everything he knew about Mothervine into that little farewell message he sent you?
Wait--how do you know about--
Was it a warning?
Was it hope?
Hope that you'll realize how important you really are?

But Mothervine... what is it?
You *know* what it is.
Hundreds of expecting mothers were injected with a drug that would ensure that they gave birth to mutants.
Mutants who could be triggered--*fully weaponized*--with a phrase.

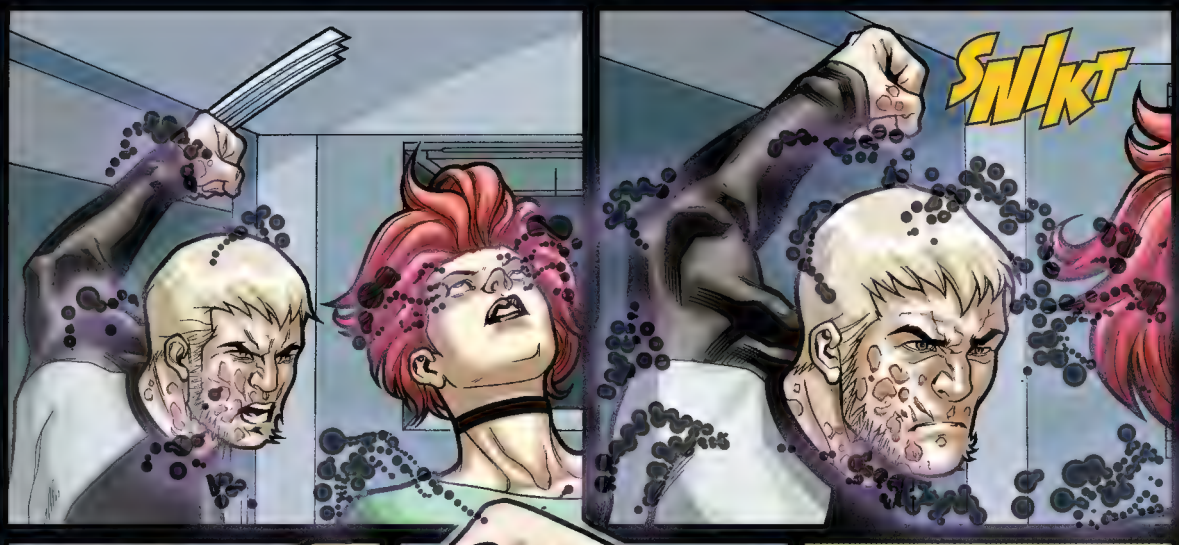
But...to me... it's more than that.
...it's *salvation.*
The Sentinels... the death of so many mutants...
Their blood is on my hands.
But I--*we*--will bring them *back.*


Are you trying to save the mutant race?
Or save yourself?

Wait here a second.
Let me show you something.
I dunno.
He's a little older, I guess, but he's hot.
And his friend isn't bad if you like the--
--broody sort.
Mother is calling her children home.
Uh...

W-What--
Get it off!
Krrg-gkk!
Can't breathe!
Somebody... help...
Ggggkkg
What are you doing?
Remarkable, yes?
Mutation. On command.
Would you look at that!
Flesh eating... rapid contagion... viral psionics...
I'd stay close, unless you want a firsthand taste.
You're insane!

Who knows?
Maybe it will continue to spread.
Maybe it will wipe out everyone for miles.
If they aren't *quick* enough to avoid it.
Gotta stop it!
SNIKT
Watch where you step.
Just innocent people...
They don't deserve this...
RRAAAGGGH!
Hkk-- Hkk --


SNIKT

Do something!
Turn it off!

If you insist.

THP

SHHNK

Wh-wh-why would you...
...why would you do this?!
You @#$% maniac!
SHRK
Aagggh!
ZZK
SHHRAKK
VVVVRRRRRRRR
You don't like my methods?
That's too bad.
Hrrrgg
Because my methods are going to save the mutant race.
And you're going to help me.

Hrrrgg
I could kill you, Jimmy.
You understand that, don't you?
I'm being *merciful* here.
I could end you before you drew your next breath.
But your people need you.
Your family needs you.
It's my responsibility as your big brother to teach you a lesson.
But you'll *live*.
After all...
SNAP
BOOM

"...blood is blood."
ALCROFT, WEST VIRGINIA.
YEARS AGO.
Open 24 Hours
RESTROOMS
Done Right Auto Garage
Uh...
Hello?
You've been in there for a while. Is everything--
--all right?
No turning back now.
No turning back.

MILK JUICE
Hey!
It's all yours.
There you go. Go--
B-SURE
Daylight Arnold's Garage
COFFE
Cola
Coffee

now.
Nnnn
About time.
I thought maybe your healing factor got shorted out.
What did he hit you with?
Sonic boom.
Black Box, where are we?
I guess this is Quicksilver's idea of comfortable guest accommodations.
And he's got us under a watchful eye, huh?
Most of the time, but not right now.
I put the camera feeds on a loop as soon as you began stirring.

Something tells me you could pop the locks any time you want.
Yeah.
I could walk right out of the cell.
You could come with me, I guess.
We could get right in Quicksilver's face, if we wanted.
But then what?
Then?
Then it's my turn.
SNIKT
TO BE CONTINUED...

MARVEL

ISSUE 4

LEGACIES

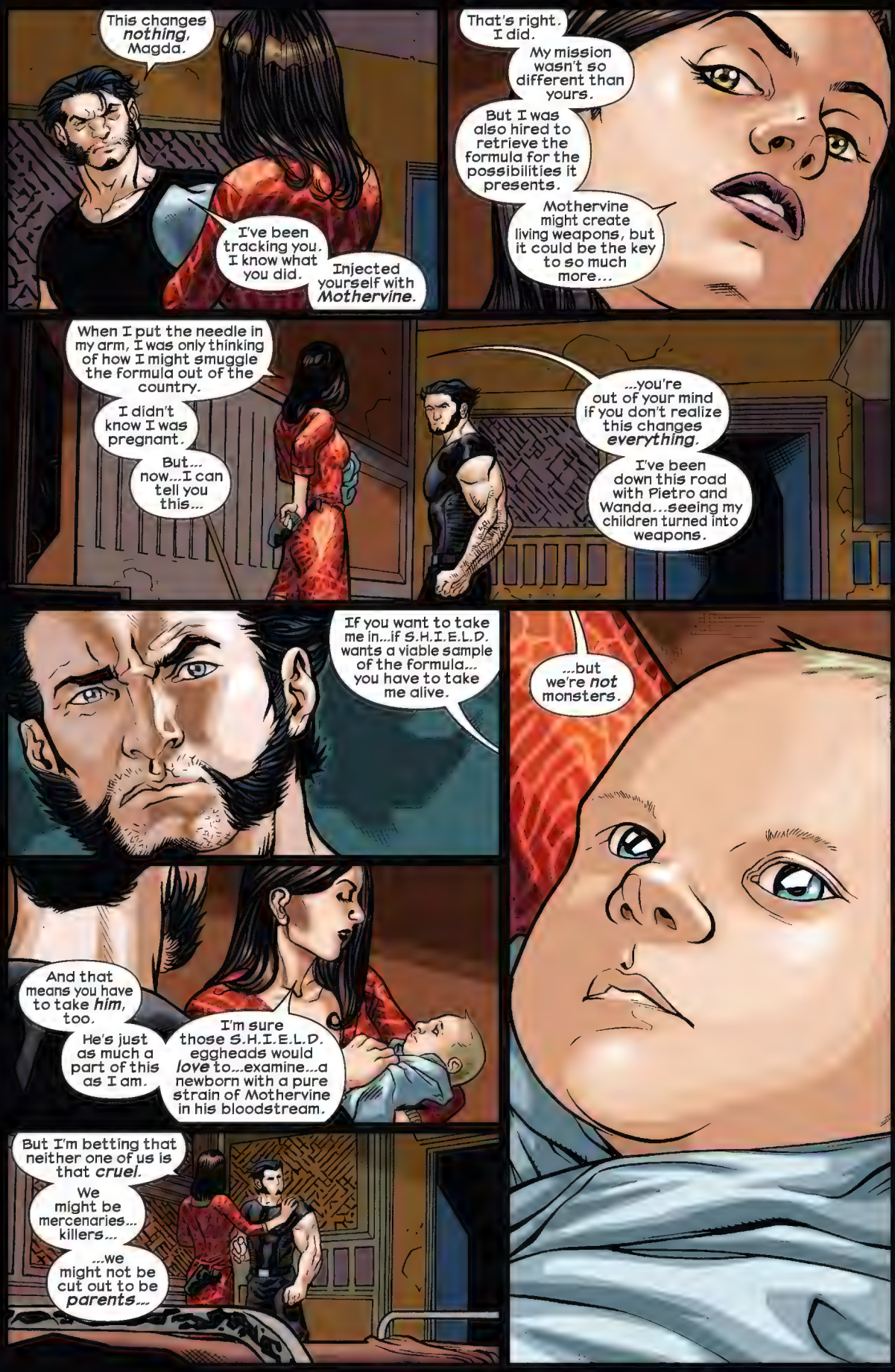
BUNN • MESSINA • ERSKINE • TARTAGLIA

ULTIMATE COMICS™

WOLVERINE®

CALCUTTA.
YEARS AGO.
LOGAN.
Hold your position and we--
That sample Magda stole is too dangerous...
Armstrong... Reese...
I'm closing in on the target.
...and she's too slippery.
We lose her here and we might not find her again.
Stay where you are. I'll handle this.
Now.
What the--
Well...
Hello there, "Daddy."

MAGDA.
Congratulations.
It's a boy.
Whaa whaa--
What is that, Logan? It sounds like--
I'm going silent for a bit, Armstrong.
Hold your posi--
KRZZT!
Whaa--
He's...
That's right.
Ours.
Throws a wrench in your plans, doesn't it?


This changes *nothing*, Magda.
I've been tracking you. I know what you did.
Injected yourself with *Mothervine*.
That's right. I did.
My mission wasn't so different than yours.
But I was also hired to retrieve the formula for the possibilities it presents.
Mothervine might create living weapons, but it could be the key to so much more...
When I put the needle in my arm, I was only thinking of how I might smuggle the formula out of the country.
I didn't know I was pregnant.
But... now...I can tell you this...
...you're out of your mind if you don't realize this changes *everything*.
I've been down this road with Pietro and Wanda...seeing my children turned into weapons.
If you want to take me in...if S.H.I.E.L.D. wants a viable sample of the formula... you have to take me alive.
...but we're *not* monsters.
And that means you have to take *him*, too.
He's just as much a part of this as I am.
I'm sure those S.H.I.E.L.D. eggheads would *love* to...examine...a newborn with a pure strain of Mothervine in his bloodstream.
But I'm betting that neither one of us is that *cruel*.
We might be mercenaries... killers...
...we might not be cut out to be *parents*...

Then...
...what do we do?

You take him.
The rest of your team will be here soon, Logan. Neither one of us should be here when they arrive.
I can't just--
I'm sure this isn't the first time you've gone AWOL.

The information on these drives should give S.H.I.E.L.D. enough to keep them happy.
Or it might give our son *answers* when he's old enough.
Give it to your bosses or hide it. Your choice.

Whether it's your employers... or my employers... they'll *never* stop looking for him.
Not if he has the remnants of Mothervine in his veins.
Hide him if you can. Give him a chance.

I can make sure they follow me...
Give them a trail of blood while--

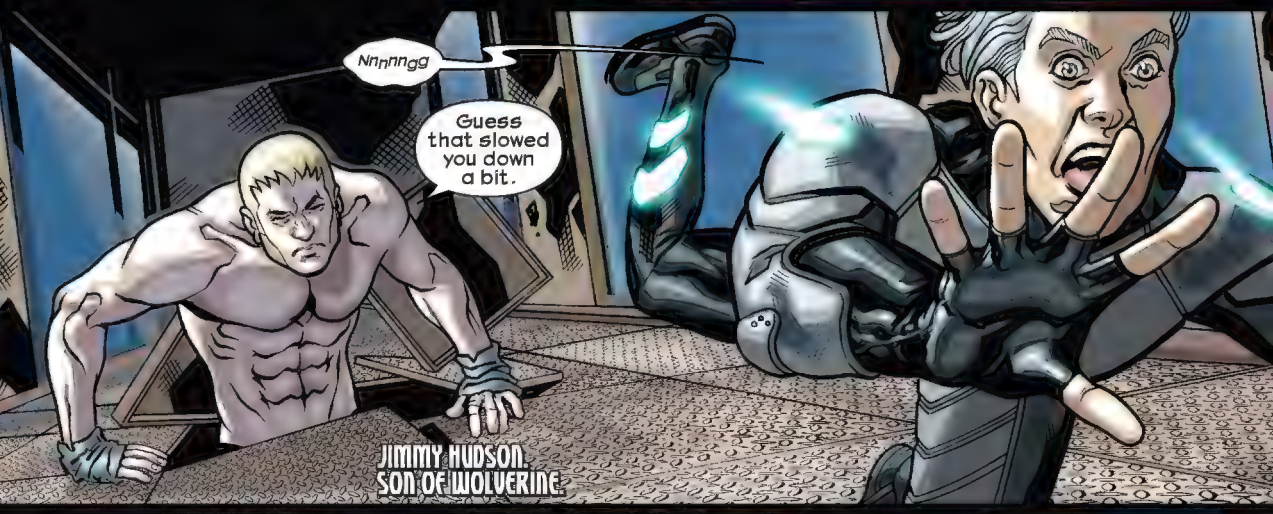
SNIKT

Keep him *safe*, Logan.
Find someone *you trust* to take care of him.
N-Not monsters.
But w-we can do this.
For once I can be a good mother.
Whatever you do...
...find someone...
"...to keep him safe..."

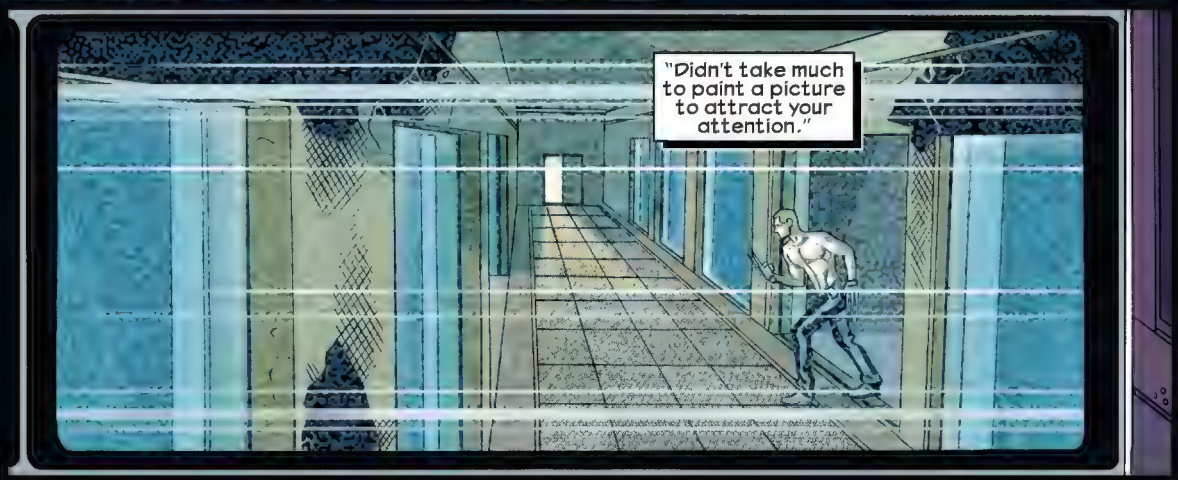
"...until he's old enough to protect himself."
NOW.
BENEATH THE GRANT PARK FERTILITY CLINIC.
QUICKSILVER.
PIETRO LENSHERR.
Oh, little brother.
Must I teach you another lesson...
...so soon?

SNIKT

AAAGGH!
SLLLK!

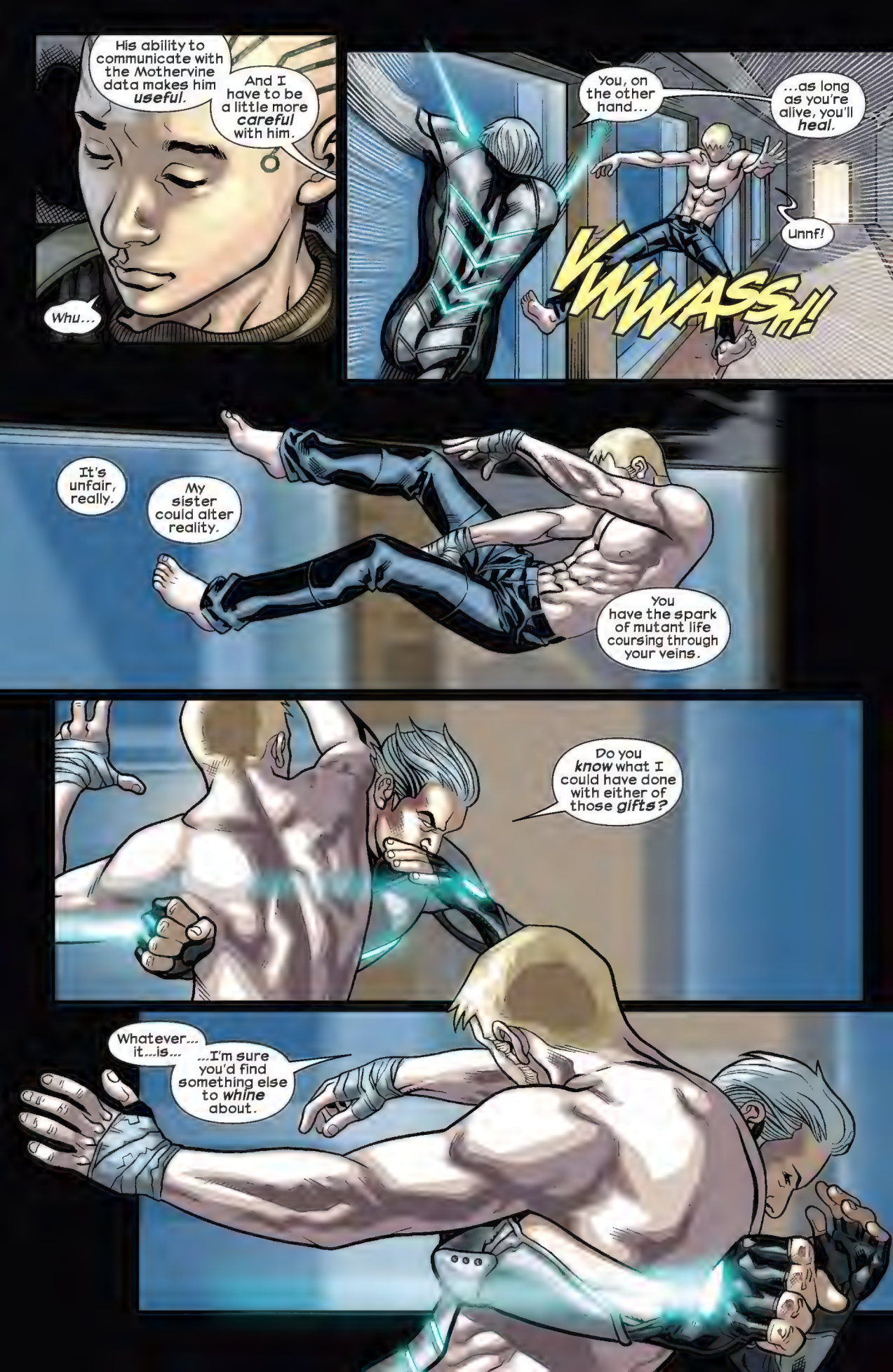

Nnnnngg
Guess that slowed you down a bit.
JIMMY HUDSON. SON OF WOLVERINE.

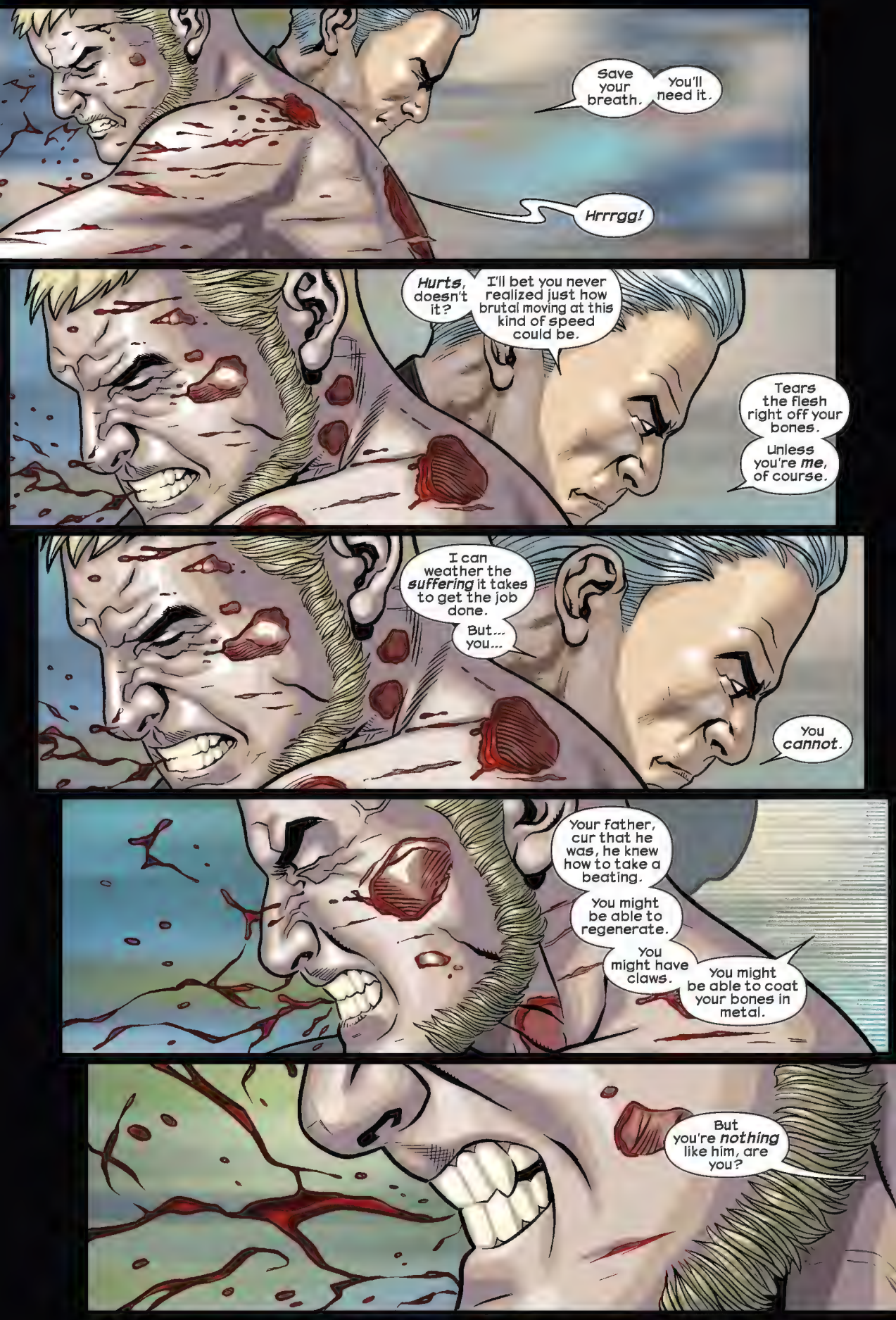
C-Clever.
You had your little friend here *corrupt* the video feed.
It's what I do.
BLACK BOX. TECHNOPATH.

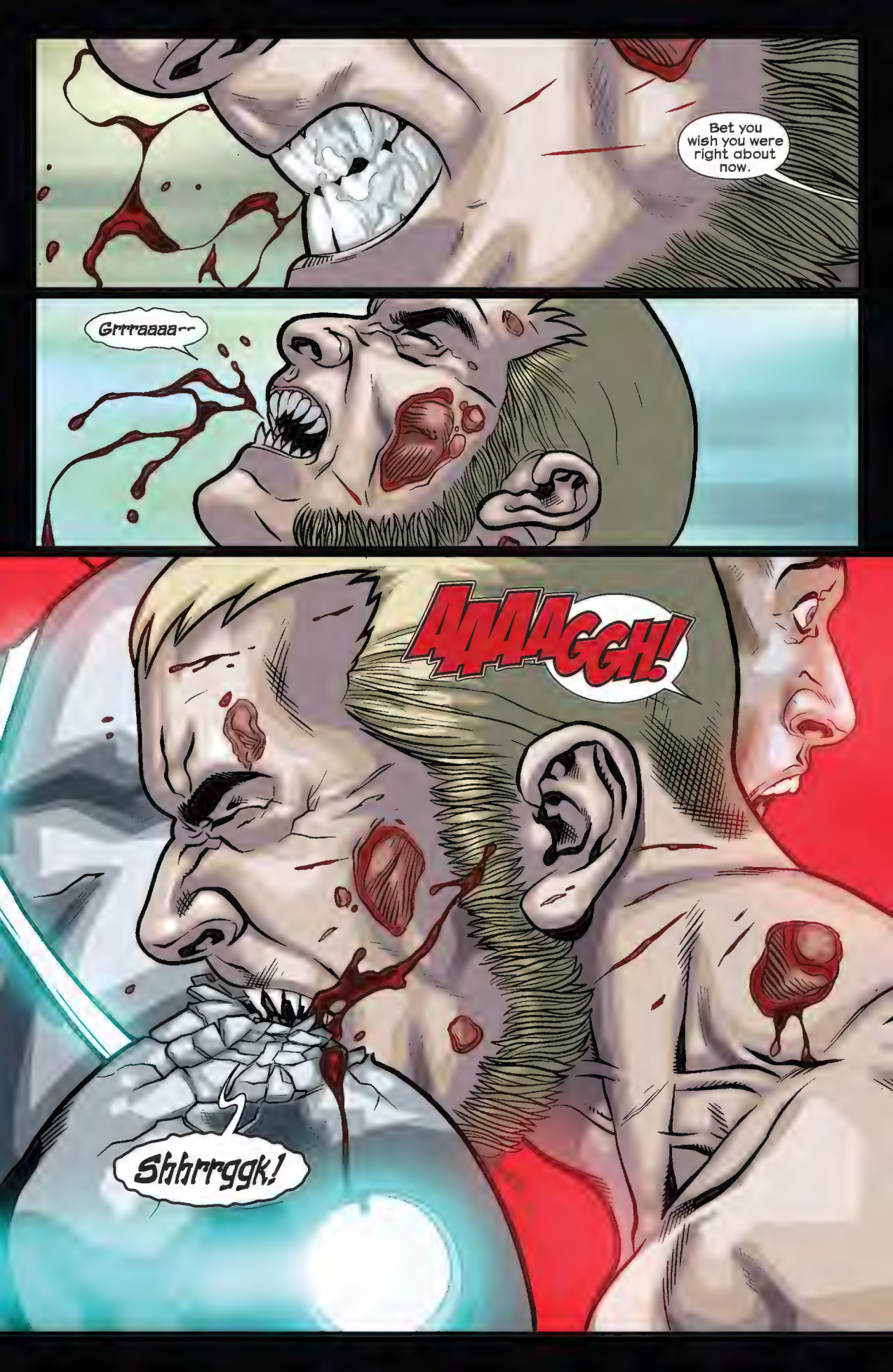

"Didn't take much to paint a picture to attract your attention."

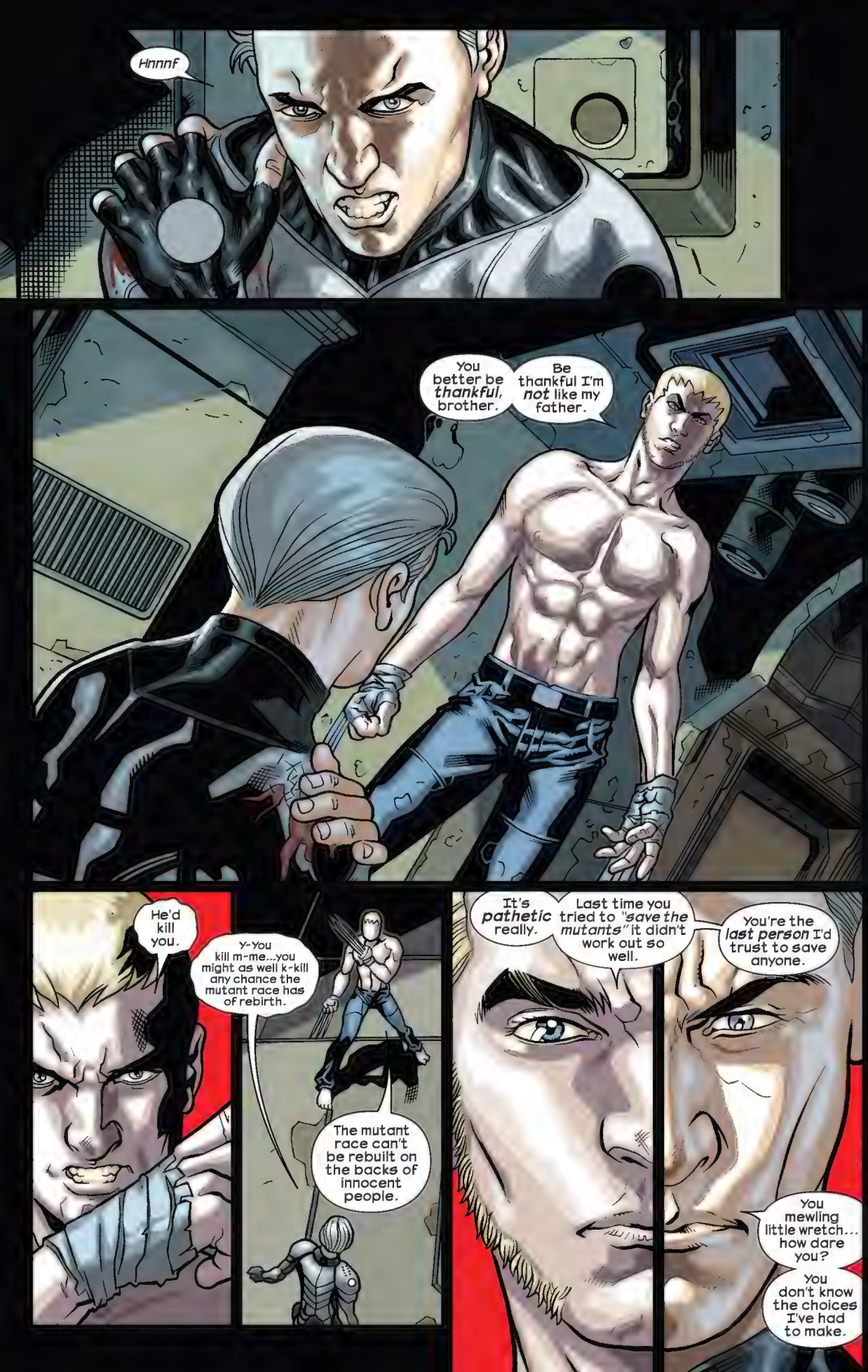
Jimmy... what I'm doing...it's too *important*...
...trying to *save* the mutant race...
...You must want that...
When our mother was pregnant with you, she injected herself with the *last* of the Mothervine.
Not the serum they were using on all those other expectant mothers, but the primordial *chimeric DNA* from which the formula was derived.
Your blood is the key to Mothervine. With it, we can rebuild the mutant race.
Those people you're activating... they *aren't* mutants, and you know it.
They're *weapons* of *mass destruction*.
And you can get bent if you think I'm gonna be any part of this.
I've spent so long...worked so hard...to piece the secrets of Mothervine together.
And once my... *research*... was discovered, the last remnants of Mothervine tried to burn their secrets to the ground.
I persevered, though, and you're the last piece of the puzzle.
I've saved your life...tried to make you understand.
It sickens me that you don't have what it takes to make a sacrifice for the greater good.
Luckily, I don't *need* your cooperation.

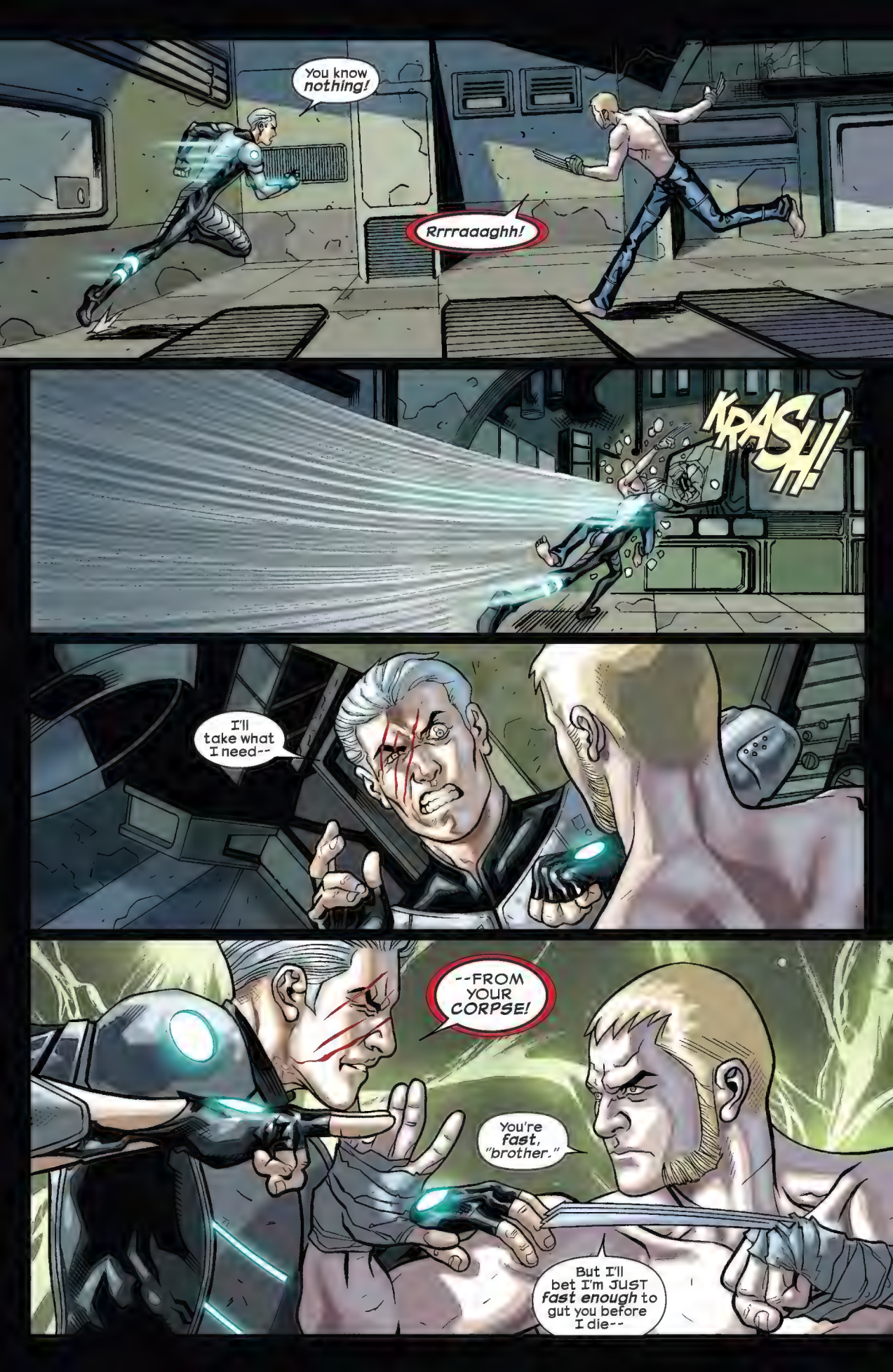
I just need your blood.
AAAGH!
THUK! THUK! THUK!
And the nice thing about your blood...
THUK! TH-THUK! THUK!
...I can harvest it over and over again...
Stop it! You're--
Whu--
That's quite enough out of you.
SHAKKOW!
--Uuuuff!
Your friend is lucky, Jimmy.


His ability to communicate with the Mothervine data makes him useful.
And I have to be a little more careful with him.
Whu...
You, on the other hand...
...as long as you're alive, you'll heal.
Unnf!
VWWASSH!!
It's unfair, really.
My sister could alter reality.
You have the spark of mutant life coursing through your veins.
Do you know what I could have done with either of those gifts?
Whatever... it...is...
...I'm sure you'd find something else to whine about.


Save your breath.
You'll need it.
Hrrrgg!
Hurts, doesn't it?
I'll bet you never realized just how brutal moving at this kind of speed could be.
Tears the flesh right off your bones.
Unless you're me, of course.
I can weather the suffering it takes to get the job done.
But... you...
You cannot.
Your father, cur that he was, he knew how to take a beating.
You might be able to regenerate.
You might have claws.
You might be able to coat your bones in metal.
But you're nothing like him, are you?


Bet you wish you were right about now.
Grrraaaa--
AAAAGGH!
Shhrrggk!


Hnnnf
You better be *thankful*, brother.
Be thankful I'm *not* like my father.
He'd kill you.
Y-You kill m-me...you might as well k-kill any chance the mutant race has of rebirth.
The mutant race can't be rebuilt on the backs of innocent people.
It's *pathetic* really.
Last time you tried to "*save the mutants*" it didn't work out so well.
You're the *last person* I'd trust to save anyone.
You mewling little wretch... how dare you?
You don't know the choices I've had to make.


You know nothing!
Rrrraaaghh!
KRASH!
I'll take what I need--
--FROM YOUR CORPSE!
You're fast, "brother."
But I'll bet I'm JUST fast enough to gut you before I die--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!
Hht
Sorry about the drastic measures.
I hope you understand.

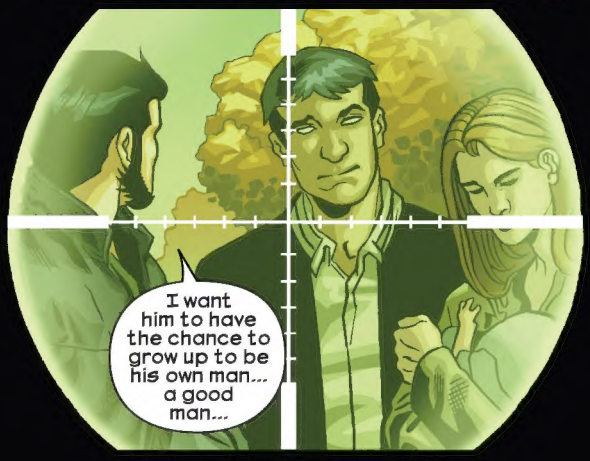
I just hate watching my *children* fight.
Ch-children?
I'm not worried about you, Jimmy. I know you'll *heal*.
But Pietro can suffer a bit.
...he's been a real @#$% of late.
He becomes more and more like his *father* every day.
You, though... you're becoming something *different*.
The Logan I knew...he did some terrible things, too.
But as far as being a *father* is concerned...

"...he got one thing right."
I know we haven't seen each other since the war, James.
And I know it's no small thing, what I'm asking.
But we've been through hell together...and you're the best guy I know.
PORT ST. LUCIE, FLORIDA. YEARS AGO.

I'm trying to do the right thing here.
For once, I'm trying to do right.
If the kid stays with me, something bad's bound to happen.
Either my enemies get to him...
JAMES HUDSON.
HEATHER HUDSON.

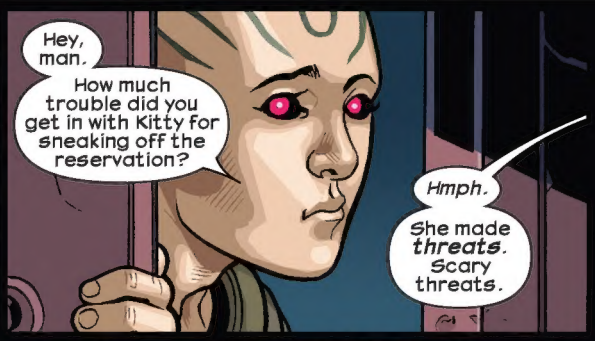
...or he grows up to be just like me.

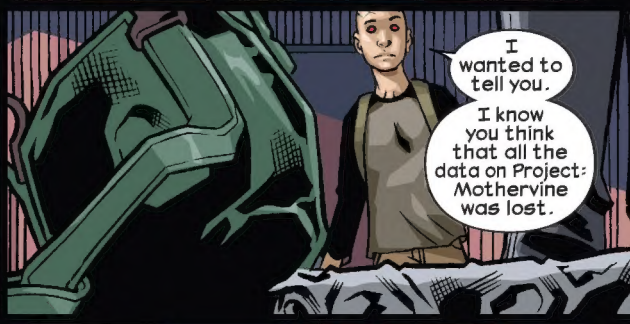
Once I'm gone, I'll stay gone.
He's so beautiful.
He's yours and I'm not gonna interfere with that.


I want him to have the chance to grow up to be his own man... a good man...

"...and for that he needs a good family to look after him."
EPILOGUE I
SOUTHWEST UTAH.
THE MUTANT RESERVATION, A.K.A. UTOPIA.

KN-KNOCK
It's open.

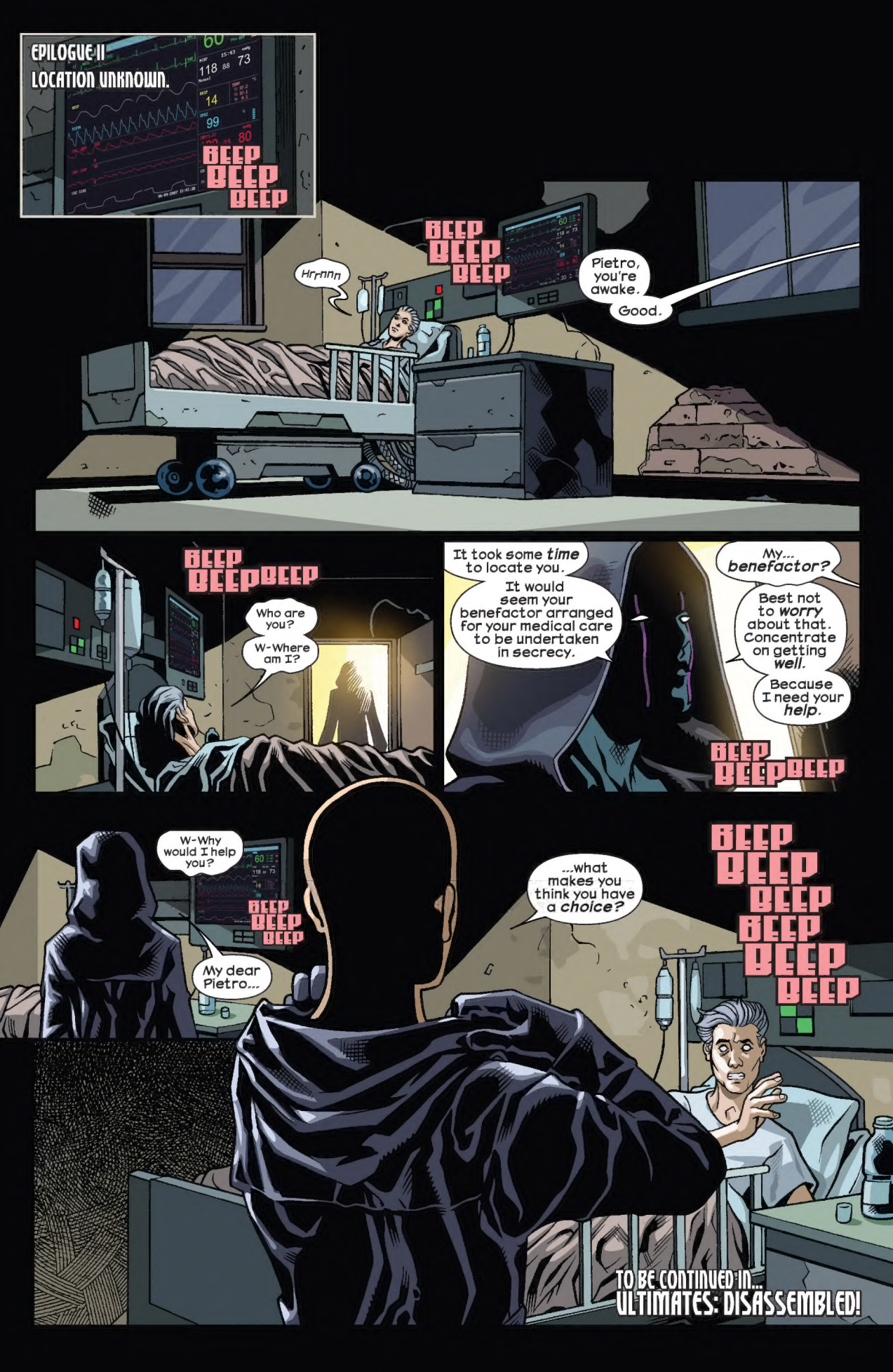

Hey, man.
How much trouble did you get in with Kitty for sneaking off the reservation?
Hmph.
She made threats. Scary threats.


I wanted to tell you.
I know you think that all the data on Project: Mothervine was lost.

But I can still access it.
It's right up here...if you want it.

I think I'm all right.

But what about your parents?
Don't you want to know more about them?
What about that woman you said you saw?
That was her, wasn't it? Your *mother?*
My mother lives in a trailer park in Florida.
My father, too.
They were there for me. They raised me.
I don't think they knew what was coming for me...
...but they helped me get ready for it... they made me who I am.
Who you are?
Yeah...
Wolverine.


EPILOGUE II
LOCATION UNKNOWN.
BEEP BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEEP BEEP
Hrrnnn
Pietro, you're awake.
Good.
BEEP BEEPBEEP
Who are you?
W-Where am I?
It took some time to locate you.
It would seem your benefactor arranged for your medical care to be undertaken in secrecy.
My... benefactor?
Best not to worry about that. Concentrate on getting well.
Because I need your help.
BEEP BEEPBEEP
W-Why would I help you?
BEEP BEEP BEEP
My dear Pietro...
...what makes you think you have a choice?
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
TO BE CONTINUED IN...
ULTIMATES: DISASSEMBLED!